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THE ANTI-TRUST BILLS.

Failure to pass the Anti-Trust bills now pending in the Legislature will be accepted as a confession that the Republican party of this State is in the grasp of the monopolists. Since Justice Peckham's opinion in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association case these bills have become objects of special dread to the trust managers. It is not that they add anything to the existing legal definition of monopoly in restraint of trade. As Justice Peckham has shown, this is already sufficiently broad to cover such agreements as those under which most of the trusts do business, and a perception of this fact has led in one or two cases to the professed abandonment of these agreements. The real value of the Lexow bills to the public and the menace they carry to the existence of the trusts is to be found, first, in bringing foreign corporations under the same responsibility to the law of the State as corporations of domestic origin, and, second, in furnishing the means to investigate the business methods of any given corporation for the purpose of disclosing whether it is operated as a combination in illegal restraint of trade.

It is these two features of the Lexow bills that the trust lobby has bent all its efforts to obliterate. The scare under which the Jersey law was rushed through, seeking to exempt companies incorporated in that State but having their places of business in another State, from the operation of laws passed by the latter, shows how thoroughly the trust magnates have been stirred up by the possibilities of New York legislation. Of course, so long as a citizen of New York remains a director or officer of a corporation which our courts hold to be a monopoly, he can be reached by an individual judgment, even though the property of the corporate entity of which he is a part may be beyond the range of their process. The Jersey exemption is, therefore, quite a meaningless one, and were the trusts which are so favored in our sister State to go so far as to place all their chief positions in the hands of citizens of New Jersey, it is quite within the power of the State of New York to refuse to grant its certificate to do business here to any corporation not having some of its responsible officers or directors citizens of the State.

The fact is sometimes lost sight of that a corporation is permitted to do business in other States than that of its origin as a matter of comity and not of right. The United States Supreme Court in an unbroken line of decisions on this subject, from that delivered by Chief-Justice Taney to those of Justice Field, has declared that a corporation is only recognized in a foreign jurisdiction by comity. The corporation being a mere creation of local law, can have no legal existence beyond the limits of the sovereignty under which it was created. The Court of Appeals of this State has held with equal unanimity that it is purely a question of domestic policy whether foreign corporations should be recognized or not, and what that policy is must be determined by an examination of our own legislation. The power to "vacate, annul and set aside" a certificate procured by a monopolistic trust from the Secretary of State is, therefore, undoubted. The only thing needed is to show that the combination has been doing business in a way which the laws of the State of New York condemn, and has been organized for purposes which are not legal in this State. Since foreign corporations have no right by the law of comity to do acts within the State which are prohibited by the laws to its own citizens, or corporations engaged in similar business, it seems plain that all that is needed to make a pretty clean sweep of trust methods in New York is, first, the exercise of a little executive firmness, and, next, the arming of the Law Department of the Stae with power to secure evidence to prove to the satisfaction of a court that the combination aimed at is one existing in defiance of law. This is the main purpose of the Lexow bills, and if the trust lawyers are not allowed to have their way with them, they will furnish a perfectly effective weapon for honest and resolute executive officers.

OPPOSING VIEWS OF GREAT MEN.

Very eminent statesmen like State Senator Ellsworth possess a sense of the dignity of their public position which is not shared by such inferior persons as veteran members of the United States Senate. There is Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, for example. He is incapable of [illegible] to that imposing gravity, that solemn majesty, which an Ellsworth reaches without effort—which, indeed, is the natural pose of his large and serious and comprehensive mind. Senator Hoar, in the April Forum, treats incidentally of the Anti-Cartoon bill in his light and frivolous way:

Certainly in no generation has there been such a powerful Drummond light turned upon the lives of public men as now. The desire of Mr. Sumner's old Roman to dwell in a glass house is almost literally realized. Not only is every word uttered by a Senator public taken down in shorthand, but his footsteps are [illegible] He is watched at every street corner. He is the object [illegible]ature—sometimes good-natured, sometimes malicious. The [illegible]each of the great parties attacks the leaders of the party [illegible]h it is opposed. The so-called "independent" press attacks the leaders of both indiscriminately, and with far less [illegible]. For one, I do not complain. I am willing to take my [illegible]s of the good opinion of my countrymen, even in going [illegible]h this ordeal. The process is not an unhealthy one, so far [illegible]ffects the men who are subjected to it. I know well that [illegible]asons from which I can derive most improvement come to [illegible]om my enemies and not from my friends; from critics, not admirers. I often wonder at the generally sure instinct by [illegible]h the people form accurate judgment of the characters of [illegible] and wise men of whom they read nothing but derision and [illegible]many.

It is all very well, of course, for an obscure creature like [illegible]ator Hoar to summon philosophy when he is ridiculed by [illegible]e cartoonist, but when it comes to showing levity in dealing with an Ellsworth, not philosophy but the police must be summoned. Yet there are persons in existence who dare to hold, if not as a settled conviction, then as a pious opinion, that Mr. Ellsworth is an ass.

HOPE FOR BATTLING CUBA.

Had Mr. Cleveland been a candidate for re-election Cuba would have been free long ago. He would have exhibited to Spain the same spirit that he showed in 1888 toward Great Britain when he sent Sir Sackville West packing because of the Murchison letter. A third term was still among the possibilities when Lord Salisbury and England and the Mugwumps were shocked by the Venezuelan message. If so truly good and artless a man as Grover Cleveland was not insensible to the political uses of a masculine foreign policy, it is reasonable to presume that a veteran in party warfare like President McKinley is not blind to them.

The time is not far away now when it will be obligatory on the Republican leaders to give their minds to the problem of how the Congressional elections may be carried. It has been revealed that a protective tariff no longer inspires the masses with grateful enthusiasm, and it is with agonies of apprehension that the party looks forward to the necessity of dealing with the finances. The need for popularity will press imperiously upon the party presently, and President McKinley is experienced enough as a gauger of public feeling to know that an utter abandonment of the pro-Spanish policy which he has inherited from the Cleveland Administration would be warmly approved by the people.

The sordid interests and timid advisers that have succeeded in inducing our Government to stand by and extend no help to the Cuban patriots are, we should say, destined to be told shortly that while the Administration would like very much to oblige them it really cannot afford to sacrifice the party for their sake.

Of course it is to be desired that the United States should do its duty by the Cubans from the highest and most disinterested motives, but it is better that the duty should be done from motives of political expediency than not at all.

In the situation at Washington there is great hope for Cuba.

IS DR. ABBOTT A CHRISTIAN?

Dr. Lyman Abbott has wound up his course of sermons on the Bible, as seen through the glasses of the new theology, with the comforting announcement that there is no hell—at least no hell of the hot, literal sort, the existence of which the Church has taught time out of mind. Orthodox Christians will feel no regret because the Brooklyn popularizer of the higher criticism has concluded his labors. With wonder and alarm they have seen a Congregational minister arising in a Congregational pulpit Sabbath after Sabath and dealing blows at traditional theology, blows of the kind that the orthodox are accustomed to look for only from the infidel. Not only has the doctrine of plenary inspiration been abandoned by Dr. Abbott, but he has so interpreted the meaning of the word as to leave the Bible with no stronger claim to inspiration than that possessed by any book which lifts men's minds to God and righteousness. In his latitudinarian estimate of the sacred Hebrew writings, books that are by the Christian world regarded as historical accounts of miraculous events, written at the instance and under the inerrant direction of Deity, are mere folk lore, with perhaps a religious and moral purpose. To Dr. Abbott the narrative of Samson is a myth, and the story of Jonah a piece of satirical fiction. Also Dr. Abbott is an evolutionist. That being so, it is impossible that he should accept Genesis as authority on the manner in which this world and the human race came into existence.

That many orthodox clergymen and their flocks should be distrubed by these teachings of Dr. Abbott is natural. They hold that the logic of them is the destruction of doctrinal Christianity. If, they perforce argue, the Bible be not all inspired, then every one is at liberty to select for himself the portions which do not require belief, and the book loses the unique place which it has occupied for so many centuries. If the biblical account of creation is a legend, the fanciful effort of a primitive people to explain things, the basis of orthodox theology is swept away. If there was no Garden of Eden and no Adam, then there was no Fall and if no Fall what becomes of the necessity for a Vicarious Atonement?

It is admitted, of course, that Dr. Abbott has a right as a student of the works of the German biblical critics to give out the results of his reading; it is admitted that he has a right to believe or disbelieve what he likes. But his right to do what he has done as a Christian clergyman and to do it in the pulpit of an evangelical, orthodox Protestant denomination is vigorously disputed. If, the objectors contend, Dr. Abbott no longer believes in the creed of his church and feels the obligation to utter what seems to him truth, then as an honest man he should leave his pulpit and give expression to his heresies as a private individual, as the frankerand bolder Colonel Ingersoll does.

Independently altogether of the question of the correctness of Dr. Abbott's interpretation of the Scriptures, there can be no difference among straight-minded men as to the justice of the orthodox position concerning this learned and able preacher's duty in the premises. Suppose Dr. Abbott were a young man seeking entrance to the Congregational ministry, and he should confess the opinions he has been preaching, would he be admitted? Would Dr. Abbott, as a man of common sense, expect the Congregationalist, or any other orthodox church, to receive him into its pulpit, or even into its membership?

JAPAN AND HAWAII.

It is announced that Japan has ordered two war ships to proceed to the Hawaiian Islands. This report in connection with the dispatch by the United States two weeks since of the cruiser Philadelphia to Honolulu under sealed orders has aroused considerable speculation and alarm in the San Francisco press. The gist of the apprehension relates to the clash of this country with the wide-awake Japanese over a supposititious conspiracy of the latter people to assume practical control of the islands by systematic and crowded emigration to the paradise of the Pacific. It is claimed that hordes of Japs have overrun the country in numbers far exceeding the legitimate demand for labor and trade. From this the conclusion has been drawn that with an immense preponderance of population, sure to come in the natural course of things, they would soon be in a position to enforce suffrage rights and dictate the whole political and commercial policy of the Hawaiian Islands.

This forecast is not unreasonable. Why should it be so? It is true that these beautiful and strategically important islands, by the law of position and the dictates of self-interest, should belong to this country. But the freely tendered gift of the Hawaiian Government, pressed on us with the most anxious pleading and solicitude, has been scornfully disdained by the United States. The Cleveland regime snubbed the aspirations of President Dole and his American clientele, with which the most intelligent natives sympathized, as a farmer would horsewhip a stray yellow dog from his front doorstep. The Republican Administration has uttered no word, done no act, to reverse that idiotic policy. Why should the United States find cause to protest or complain if Japan attempts to step in and seize the rejected prize?

The fact, then, that the Japanese have been pouring into the Hawaiian Islands at the rate oftentimes of 1,500 per week, and that they bid fair to swamp the other factors of population, need not worry our cynical Government. We have practically repudiated all claims on the country, magnificent an acquisition as it would be, and easily united to the continent under the bonds of a common loyalty. It would be alike undignified and illogical for us to play the dog in the manger, since we have refused the outstretched hands of the islanders, with the words of the Macedonians to St. Paul, "Come and help us."

Japan, keenly imitative of the West in its ambition and arts, naturally shares that new passion of colonist propaganda which is a dominating sentiment of the modern European nations. The Empire of the Rising Sun is already overpopulated and needs expansion. The acquisition of the Hawaiian Eden by such crafty yet perfectly legitimate means as have been foreshadowed would be a stroke of diplomacy highly creditable to the saffron-hued Yankees of the East. We can't wish them godspeed, but we can at least adjure our own people to take the bolus which they have brayed and mixed in their own mortar without a wry face, if it should become needful.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

THE bestowal of the blue ribbon of the French Academy on Miss Elizabeth Marbury is a fitting recognition on the part of people benefited of a New York woman of exceptional cleverness. Miss Marbury comes of a well-known New York family, her father, the late Mr. F. F. Marbury, having been for many years a distinguished citizen of the town, famous for many things, put principally for his wit. Incidentally it may be said of him that he discovered Dr. Parkhurst in Massachusetts and brought him to New York, and if he had only lived long enough to persuade that divine to talk less he would have earned our deepest gratitude. For many years Miss Marbury was a well-known figure in the social life of the town, but at last, as she herself expressed it, she got "tired of talking for her dinner" and set about writing for the newspapers. It was her connection with the press that brought her into contact with Mrs. Burnett, and one day that lady asked her to recommend to her some clever, reliable man to act as the agent and manager of her play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Miss Marbury broached the matter to a friend of hers, and he made answer: "No, I don't think I could ever get along in business with Mrs. Burnett. You might, though, and I would advise you to take hold of it yourself."

* * *

A short time afterward Miss Marbury became Mrs. Burnett's business agent, and through her efforts the priggish, long-haired brat who called his mother "Dearest" was made known to the play-goers of every corner of the earth. On the strength of her "Fauntleroy" success Miss Marbury opened an office in Twenty-fourth street and began to deal in a small way with dramatic authors. Very soon she went over to London and Paris, and in both those cities formed connections which have since proved of great value to all concerned. At the present moment she is the accredited agent of most of the well-known European playwrights and has created and carried on a business that was never known in New York before her time. That is to say, she has established a name for integrity and shrewdness that enables her to secure plays from any European author, no matter how suspicious he may be of the American market. Of the many women of New York society who have gone into business during the past decade Miss Marbury is undoubtedly the cleverest, and certainly, in point of achievement, she surpasses them all. In New York a woman can obtain a reputation for cleverness of the kind that is akin to genius by inviting Henry Irving to dinner, or persuading Eleanora Duse to come to her house, and if we sift the claims of most of the clever women of the metropolis we are likely to find that they are founded on just such achievements as these. There is another quality which Miss Marbury possesses that is found rarely enough in her sex, and that is a keen sense of relative social values. She has a habit of taking people at her own estimate of their worth and not at theirs, which is the proper way to transact social business.

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The other evening I attended a performance that was designed to be funny, and which I know was distinctly unfunny, and yet that entertainment went off with a degree of applause and eclat that deceived, I am bound to say, fully three-quarters of the audience into the belief that it was a success. A friend of mine who was present and who was not accustomed to the tricks of managers asked me how it was that, although the whole house was filled with a great roar of delight, nearly everybody within his range of vision seemed to be sitting perfectly quiet, or else looking around as if wondering where all the noise came from. As this phenomenon has frequently deceived intelligent playgoers it may not be out of place to explain how this particular manager produces the desired effect by means of an invention that is far more ingenious and practicable than any of the many devices that he has offered to the public, and he is famous for his inventive qualities.

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Of course he possesses a wide circle of personal friends—what manager has not?—and on first nights these friends like nothing better than a chance to prove their large-hearted loyalty and friendship. They attend the performance in great numbers, and the manager, by a judicious system of irrigation, contrives to scatter them about so that they permeate every part of the house. There are always among them a few men of the class called "prominent" in the chronicles of the day. Some of these are prominent because they are criminal lawyers, others perhaps because they are agents for the sale of champagne, others because they have fur overcoats—but, at any rate, there is not one of them who has not certain distinct claims on ephemeral glory. Half a dozen members of what might be termed in the slang of the day "the prominent push" are usually stationed in a commanding position in a proscenium box, where they not only present an imposing appearance, but can start the applause at the right moment. All this, however, is commonplace, and is only useful as an adjunct to the really remarkable invention of the manager, which has been in operation for fully a year, and has not yet been made public.

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Behind the scenes, in a sort of padded cell, is a large tube which leads down under the floor of the auditorium, where it branches into a dozen smaller tubes, which are carried to various parts of the house. A man with a set of lungs of phenomenal strength stands in this padded cell during the performance and at certain given cues which he receives by electric wire from the leader of the orchestra, emits the most piercing yells, which are carried through the tube and are heard simultaneously in all parts of the playhouse; thus it happens that a somnolent audience is frequently startled into activity by a wild shriek of "Ha! ha! ha! that's great!" that sounds like a spontaneous tribute uttered at once from gallery, boxes and orchestra chairs. The man who stands in the padded cell is an artist in his line, and can not only roar with laughter, but can shout, "Bravo!" "Good enough, old boy!" imitate the clapping of hands and pounding of umbrellas, and do almost anything else calculated to serve as an incentive to enthusiasm.

An Ill Wind.
[Washington Post.]

It's an ill wind that doesn't put money into somebody's purse. The inaction of the House will be sure to increase the attendance at the ball games.

Tariff Item.
[Detroit News.]

With a stiff protective tariff the canned speech industry could soon be made to support quite a number of intelligent American workmen.

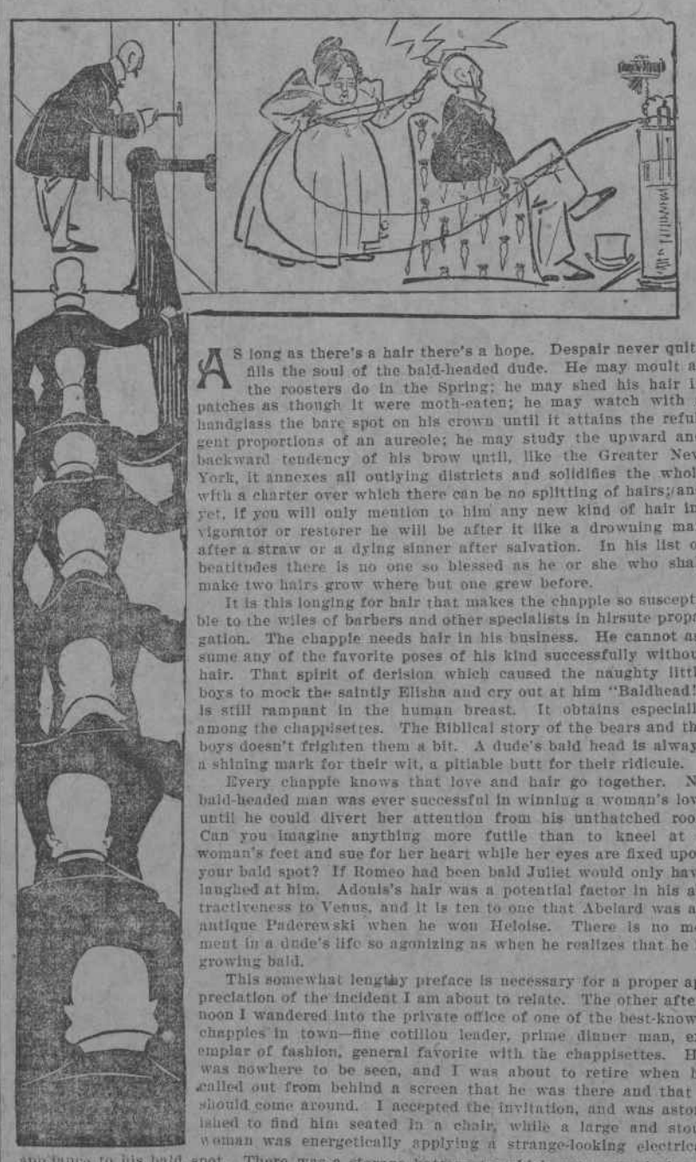
THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music	Brian Boru	Knickerbocker	The Serenade
Bijou	Courted Into Court	Koster & Bial's	Gayest Manhattan
Broadway Theatre	Wizard of the Nile	Madison Square Garden	Barnum & Bailey
Casino	The Wedding Day	Metropolitan Opera House	Siegfried
Columbus Theatre	A Boy Wanted	Murray Hill	McCarthy's Mishaps
Daly's	The Geisha	Olympia Music Hall	In Great New York
Empire	Under the Red Robe	Olympia Music Hall	In Great New York
Eden Musee	World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre	Vaudeville
Fifth Ave. Theatre	Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.	
Germania Theatre	Therese Krones		
Grand Opera House	Sowing the Wind	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous Noon to 11 P. M.	
Garrick Theatre	Never Again		
Herald Square	The Girl from Paris	Star Theatre	A Lion's Heart
Harlem Opera House	Pudd'nhead Wilson	Wallack's	Miss Manhattan
Huber's 14th St. Museum	Vaudeville	Weber & Fields's	Under the Red Globe
Keith's	Continuous Performance		

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Rain, followed by clearing weather; colder; west to northwest winds.

DUDEDOM'S HAIRY HOPES.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.



As long as there's a hair there's a hope. Despair never quite fills the soul of the bald-headed dude. He may moult as the roosters do in the Spring; he may shed his hair in patches as though it were moth-eaten; he may watch with a handglass the bare spot on his crown until it attains the refulgent proportions of an aureole; he may study the upward and backward tendency of his brow until, like the Greater New York, it annexes all outlying districts and solidifies the whole with a charter over which there can be no splitting of hairs; and yet, if you will only mention to him any new kind of hair invigorator or restorer he will be after it like a drowning man after a straw or a dying sinner after salvation. In his list of beatitudes there is no one so blessed as he or she who shall make two hairs grow where but one grew before.

It is this longing for hair that makes the chappie so susceptible to the wiles of barbers and other specialists in hirsute propagation. The chappie needs hair in his business. He cannot assume any of the favorite poses of his kind successfully without hair. That spirit of derision which caused the naughty little boys to mock the saintly Elisha and cry out at him "Baldhead!" is still rampant in the human breast. It obtains especially among the chappisettes. The Biblical story of the bears and the boys doesn't frighten them a bit. A dude's bald head is always a shining mark for their wit, a pitiable butt for their ridicule.

Every chappie knows that love and hair go together. No bald-headed man was ever successful in winning a woman's love until he could divert her attention from his unthatched roof. Can you imagine anything more futile than to kneel at a woman's feet and sue for her heart while her eyes are fixed upon your bald spot? If Romeo had been bald Juliet would only have laughed at him. Adonis's hair was a potential factor in his attractiveness to Venus, and it is ten to one that Abelard was an antique Paderewski when he won Heloise. There is no moment in a dude's life so agonizing as when he realizes that he is growing bald.

This somewhat lengthy preface is necessary for a proper appreciation of the incident I am about to relate. The other afternoon I wandered into the private office of one of the best-known chappies in town—fine cotillon leader, prime dinner man, exemplar of fashion, general favorite with the chappisettes. He was nowhere to be seen, and I was about to retire when he called out from behind a screen that he was there and that I should come around. I accepted the invitation, and was astonished to find him seated in a chair, while a large and stout woman was energetically applying a strange-looking electrical appliance to his bald spot. There was a storage battery to which were attached two wires, terminating in a thing that looked more like a hockey puck than anything else I had ever seen. It was a kind of mop, and had been dipped into some sort of ointment or lubricant which the fat woman was rubbing on with a persistence and vigor that made her breath shorten and her ample physiognomy to gleam with beads of perspiration. When the rubbing was done and chappie's bald spot had been dyed and powdered and his remaining hairs had been scented and curled, he turned to me with a look of triumph and asked:

"Don't you think it's great? I know it does me good, because after each application I can pass my hand over my head and feel the hairs sticking up straighter and stiffer. There's more life and strength in them, and I am sure I can see a lot of little new ones sprouting. Just give me your hand."

When I acceded to his request he took my hand and carefully passed it over his baldness. I could feel a few stray spikes, and when I looked closely there was something that suggested a new growth, but whether it was powder or down I couldn't make out.

"Isn't it great?" he asked again in the exuberance of his joy at being able to feel even a few hairs on the top of his head. "The day of the bald-headed dude is done!" he cried. "We won't be laughed at any more. Dickie Peters and Creighton Webb and Stanley Mortimer and Bud Appleton and Fred Beach and Johnnie Furman and Winnie Hoyt and Center Hitchcock and Sid Smith and all the rest of us that are bald and are getting bald will now have hair again! There's even hope for Henry Clews!"

"Is it really so great?" I asked of the fat woman.

"Oh, yes, indeed it is, sir!" she replied. "All the fine gentlemen in town is trying it, and they likes it. I used to go out all the time to gentlemen's offices to trent them, but I do that now only for special customers. My business has growed so that I've had to take an office, and really, sir, it's just like a barber shop, they come so thick!"

Can it be that dudedom is about to be delivered from the demon of baldness? Are those of us who have been so long "shy" on hair to have full heads and flowing locks? Is the day of the "scratch" and the toupee gone forever? Are we all to become once more Romeos, Adonises and—but no! Even the electrical restoration of hair could not work that miracle.

The Lobster Starved to Death.

The lobster's starved to death,
And in his fate we see
And feel New York's austere
In hospitall-tee.

We dine the foreign swell,
Whom it were well to starve,
And for the heathen prince
The canvas back we carve.

Then why should we deny
The fish within our gates,
The sorts of food that he
With joy assimilates?

The lobster great and grand,
Should be serenely met
With oyster cocktail and
With terrapin croquette.

Instead of this we see
Him on starvation bent,
Until, mayhap, he thinks
It's on account of Lent.

Oh, we should quick reform—
And on his seaweed bed,
The lobster fill with food,
Until we paint him red.

Until he feels he is
A highly honored guest,
Who is entitled to
The bestest of the best.

Until our banquet be
Joy-fraught assimilates,
And thanks his stars he is
The fish within our gates.

R. K. M.

McKinley's Ingenuity.
[Detroit Tribune.]

The Administration displays great ingenuity in mixing other names with those of Ohio men sent to the Senate for confirmation.

Hanna's Unrest.
[Detroit News.]

At times Mr. Hanna has a faint suspicion that Mr. McKinley may have gone into the President business for himself.

Parkhurst's Surprise.
[Detroit News.]

Dr. Parkhurst has surprised everybody by riding a wheel when it was just as easy to denounce it as an agency of the devil and an engine of corruption.

On the Dolphin.
[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"Mr. Porter, who are those people in small boats that seem determined to get in our way?"

"I suspect that they are office seekers, Your Excellency."

"And those people running along the bank?"

"More office seekers, Your Excellency."

"What was that dull splash I heard a little while ago, Mr. Porter?"

"The captain found an office seeker concealed under a chicken coop, Your Excellency, and chucked him overboard."

"There is something bobbing up and down in the current at the mouth of the river, Mr. Porter. Is that a buoy?"

"No, Your Excellency; it's a man—an office seeker in a diving suit."

"Mr. Porter."

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Will you kindly ask the captain to head her out to sea, and to run like merry hades?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

Either Will Do.

"It is always a good idea," said the manager of the pugilist-actor, "to delay getting your show printing done, if there is a fight in prospect."

"I don't see what difference that could make."

"You can't be sure whether to advertise him as the man who had the honor of defeating his antagonist or who enjoys the distinction of having been defeated by so famous a man."—Washington Star.

The True Instinct.
[Detroit Tribune.]

Mr. Ingalls's announcement that he would have gone to a Methodist conference with just as little hesitation as he felt about going to Carson shows that he has the true newspaper instinct of devotion to duty.

Giddy Old Yantic.
[Detroit Tribune.]

The giddy old wooden Yantic is trying to pose as a part of the new navy by going aground in Uruguayan waters.

The Great Dining Habit.
[Washington Post.]

The New York Reform Club is to eat a dinner in order that the country may observe its disgust over the revival of the silver cause.

The Trouble With Corbett.
[Washington Post.]

The trouble with Mr. Jim Corbett is that he neglected to make himself retroactive.

Dan Leno at Olympia.

Humor, I suppose, it is largely a question of geography. The "funniest man in the world," as Dan Leno, at Olympia, is advertised to be, would be worth his weight in gold. As a matter of fact, what is funny in America is generally incomprehensible in England, and there is a distinct vice versa-ness to this proposition. However, Dan Leno is with us, hugely salaried, extensively highwayed and bywayed, and the question to-day is: Is he funny? We only arrive at such questions after a performer has passed through the ordeal of a first night. On that occasion he appeals to the ushers, afterward the public gets its innings.

Dan Leno is a deliberate little fellow, with London stamped indelibly all over his person. When I saw him last Summer in a careless performance at the Oxford, talking nonchalantly to the chappies, and the 'Arries, and the 'Arriets, I thought him one of the most tiresome creatures I ever heard. He was so distinctly local, so consummately indifferent, and so vulgarly slovenly. He sang two foolish affairs entitled "The North Pole" and "The Horseshoe," and he was slow, drearily slow.

At Olympia last night I wondered what on earth this mannikin would do to earn his little fifteen hundred per. Would it be the old London nonsense all over again? How would it all sound in Mr. Hammerstein's palatial hall that dwarfs all the Oxfords and the Pavilions and the Holborn Royals? These were important questions. You could have knocked me down with a feather when the orchestra struck up the "Horseshoe" and Leno capered on attired in the rusty old clothes dubbed funny. The ditty made no more direct appeal to me than it did in London. There was the same labored humor, the identical, deliberate struggle for far-fetched quips and the eternal effort to conceal the moss of antiquity beneath the thin veneer of up-to-dateness.

"The Horseshoe" was followed by "The Widow," which gave place to "Going Out of Town," and on the part of the audience there was a feeble attempt to be appreciative. New Yorkers tried to laugh at the dainty jests on the subject of wife-beating that always tell in London. In England wife-beating is a merry pastime. It is in great demand among the working classes. An English wife of the lower orders never really loves her husband until he has proved by his fists that he has the upper hand. In New York people have not been educated up to this. It will come later. When we have had more frequent doses of the funniest men on earth, we shall grow to look upon the quiet man who belabors his wife as a humorist.

Dan Leno went through the dreary portion of his repertoire drearily and alighted, bee-like, upon success in a monologue entitled "The Shop Walker." That was a new one to me, and it was a capital piece of work that quite justifies this gentleman's engagement, and is well worth seeing. In "The Shop Walker" there is no labored humor, no tiresomely local allusions to porters, and 'ansoms, and 'alf guineas and other non-American topics. "The Shop Walker" is written in the universal language, and it awoke the audience and gave the ushers a well earned rest. Leno showed us the detestable, officious, but highly respectable person who waits upon ladies in a dry goods store, and insists upon knowing what they want a great deal better than they know themselves. Make-up, facial business and other accessories were not excellent, and if Leno will only shelve some of his opening arrangements, Americans will take to him kindly.

"The Shop Walker" entitles Mr. Leno—not to the appellation of "the funniest man on earth," but to the title of funny man. That is a great deal. It is irresistibly amusing—so amusing, in fact, that I never saw him do it in London, where they demand more local quiddities.

In his way of singing, or rather bulging forth with song, Dan Leno reminds me something of Tony Pastor, but he could still learn a few vocal tricks from good old Tony, and other tricks as well. Leno strikes the American as peculiar, by reason of his unwillingness to let his jokes go on their merits. He is so afraid he is dealing with dull-witted audiences that he elaborates his humor unnecessarily. In fact, there is nothing in the least subtle about this variety gentleman. If he could explain himself by means of diagrams, he would do it gladly.

Before he gave "The Shop Walker" to the Olympians I had made up my mind that I thought George W. Monroe, the star of "In Great New York," far funnier. In fact I had decided that if I had $1,500 a week to bestow on anybody it would be to Monroe rather than to Leno. I always consider American humorists ineffably better than the English article—when they are not vulgar. But "The Shop Walker" made a Leno-ite of me. One hearty laugh will break any ice, and it broke the skatable atmosphere of Olympia into chunks. It depended upon no bagging trousers, no red shirt, no freakish whiskers and no bottle nose.

Leno must study his audiences, and he must take the trouble to make himself intelligible. I see now that he can do it, although I doubted it in London. It will not be necessary to go to Olympia with the idea of viewing a curio, labelled "What the English laugh at." If Mr. Leno will give us his best, and his least London, he will find that he has many friends on this side. This little man, if he had been wise, would have come over without any high-falutin heraldry, and have gone in on his merits. You know it is a dreadful thing to go to a music hall in the belief that you are watching something dreadfully expensive, and that somebody's pocketbook will suffer if you fail to appreciate it. It is making toil of pleasure. Variety performers, if they are certain of themselves, should make their appearance quietly and unostentatiously. Then success will be all the sweeter and failure less bitter.

There were moments last night when Dan Leno tottered on the verge of failure with his second-night audience. I am glad to say that he recovered his equilibrium, and that his prospects are bright.

ALAN DALE.

Same Price.
[Detroit News.]

In the meanwhile shippers by rail will bear in mind that a pool by any other name would charge the same.

Comfort for Bunce.
[Detroit News.]

Admiral Bunce will doubtless be pleased to note that the sure-enough blockades don't work a bit better.

Outside Talent.
[Washington Post.]

Monmouth, Ill., has experienced a novel bank robbery. The institution was robbed by outside talent.